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quence is possessed in no small degree by Senator Lodge. The major speeches in his book of war addresses contain many patriotic utterances that are memorable for their clearness and dignity. Among such may be reckoned the following sentence from Senator Lodge's speech on National Defence: "In this question . . . lies a test of democracy, whether it is worthy to live, whether it has the foresight, the self control, the spirit of unity, which will lead it to take those precautions which it must take if it is to survive at all in a world so uncertain and so perilous as this." Beside this may be set the Senator's protest against any surrender or impairment of the rights of Americans to travel, or ship goods, upon a belligerent merchantman. "Such abandonment," declared Mr. Lodge in a speech delivered in July, 1916, "could only rest upon the ground that the rights of neutrals, the rules which for centuries have been agreed upon by all nations for the protection of innocent lives upon vessels captured in war, must be thrown aside and discarded in order that a new instrument of maritime destruction shall not be impeded in its work of death and murder." There is an almost Demosthenic clearness and force, also, in Senator Lodge's summing up of his doctrine concerning "peace without victory"—"The peace which lasts is the peace which rests upon justice and righteousness, and if it is a just and righteous peace it makes no difference whether it is based on the compromises and concessions of treaties or upon victories in the field."

Several of the shorter speeches contained in the volume are non-political addresses delivered on formal occasions. They are characterized by grace and suavity and often by wit. Certainly such a phrase as "the heavy hand of improvement," which is illustrative of a certain refreshing quality in Mr. Lodge's style, is not met with too often in any kind of writing. The more controversial parts of the political speeches, too, will delight any not too unsympathetic reader who appreciates caustic criticism, subtle sarcasm, and argumentative skill.

LETTERS AND DIARY OF ALAN SEEGER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The letters and diaries of almost any soldier who has fought on the right side in the present war possess a poignant interest for us today. We are glad to read even the most abbreviated accounts of personal experience under fire, and to learn the somewhat prosaic details of the soldier's everyday life. But the personal records left by Alan Seeger, the young American poet who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in September, 1914, and was killed at the taking of Belloy en Santerre, June 29, 1916, have a higher than ordinary value. We have and shall have many stories of exciting adventures

and brave deeds; but we shall not have many expressions of personal feeling and belief so genuine and clear as this.

How does the soul of the highly cultivated, highly sensitive modern man react to the horrors of the present conflict? How do the creeds of romance and poetry wear under the test of the grimmest experiences? What is the outlook of a poet from the trenches? These are perhaps the most interesting questions that could be asked of one who had been tried by the ordeal of battle, but they are questions that few men could answer—not because most men are stolid, but because few are expressive.

In the modern chivalry which was Alan Seeger's—as it is, less explicitly, that of many young men today—there was a remarkable mingling of steady conscience and loyalty with a thirst for experience. “My interest in life,” he wrote, “was passion; my object, to experience it in all rare and refined, in all intense and violent, forms. The war having broken out, then, it was natural that I should have staked my life on learning what it alone could teach me. How could I have let millions of other men know an emotion that I remained ignorant of?” As a lonely sentry, facing the silent and uncertain lines of the enemy's trenches at night, he thought of the war as a sort of cosmic conflict to which ethical motives seemed irrelevant. “Peoples war because strife is the law of nature and force the ultimate arbitrament among humanity no less than in the rest of the universe.” The soldier feels that he is “taking part in the largest movement the planet allows him” and this is sufficient. As for death, it simply means that the vitality of the body is “dispersed into the universe to enter into new combinations in that eternal conservation of energy which is the scientist's faith and that imperishability of anything that is beautiful in the human personality which is the poet's.”

Whatever may be thought of all this as a satisfactory philosophy, there is no doubt that Alan Seeger's brave skepticism and brave faith, his eagerness for large experience, together with an almost Puritanical devotion to duty, served him well. In the writings that he left, there is not a word of weak complaint, or regret, or gloom. His sensitiveness, his complexity, his speculative mind, did not unman him; rather they enabled him to feel more deeply and to act with greater energy and enthusiasm. Interspersed with incidents of life in the trenches or behind the lines occur serene bits of description like this: “Summer has come here almost without any spring at all. The valley is very beautiful, all the orchards in bloom. Up in the woods the birds sing all day and I love to listen to the cuckoos, particularly in the early dawn at the outpost.” Throughout the record there is manifest a grace of mind and character that is both touching in its appeal and prohibitive of false sentiment. Sad as it is, the book is inspiring.